

Keep Your Eyes Peeled

The Icarus Line

When you are waking up late and you don't feel right in your own skin.

Reflections that hurt you. It lets the darkness come crashing in.

Keep your eyes peeled for any sign of life. Still waking up late.

Even full moons seem so dim. Sleep alone again tonight.

Reflection wouldn't show this mess you're in. (Can't fucking sleep.)

Computer's going to shed some light tonight. Snow bright eye burn and headache high.

Up all night looking and still no first kiss. It grabs the synapse: Smokers' delight.

It's not right. No, this can't be right and I don't think I like the signs.

Breath for you. After all I've heard about you, what do you expect me to do?

This paradise always seems to be old boards and fucking nails. Just passing the time.

It's sad but sometimes I picture you passing away. Bringing you down. Dragging us down.

What's left for us to hold on to?